THE HAUNTED CITY.

Some heart's remembrance and regret
Fill every street with life profound;
This corner where of old we met
To me has since been hallowed ground;
I never pass in sun or rain
Now, but I meet you here again.

We cannot go from where we dwell
And leave behind no lingering trace;
Where in the past our shadow fell
A shadow of us haunts the place;
Returning now, ourselves may there
Disturb some ghost of what we were.

The stones are thrilled by many a tread
That leaves no footprint where it strays;
Shades of the living and the dead
In silence throng the noisy ways;
Here where I meet in shower or shine
Your ghost, you haply meet with mine.

The air has sounds we cannot hear,
Is dim with shades that none can see;
Tho' dear the living voice, and dear
The sight of living voices be,
With kindlier yearnings yet we greet
The friends we see not when we meet.
—A. St. John Adcock, in The Spectator.

A BASHFUL SUITOR.

"MR. WARNE, please, miss," Margery Young rose and held out a friendly hand to her visitor.

Geoffrey Warne was a man with a distinct personality. No longer a youth, he was yet on the right side of forty, personable, even distinguished looking, and a self-made man. His face wore habitually a tired expression, but his smile, if rare, was very pleasant.

He was smiling now.

Margery looked very pretty in her cool pink gown.

"Mother will be here directly. Why were you not at the tennis match to-day?"

"Couldn't get away."

He absently held her two outstretched hands in his till she blushed.

"It's ages since you've been to see us," withdrawing them nervously.

"I never go anywhere, you know—to pay calls, I mean."

"I know it's very nice of you to come at all when you're so busy. Let me take your hat and stick, and won't you sit down? You'll find that chair comfortable."

"I please myself when I come here," he remarked, with a slight glance at Margery, and letting her take his hat and stick. Then he sat down and stared hard at her as she sat opposite. She rested him, this fresh young creature. His tired mind relaxed in her presence. He felt younger, better.

Margery's color came and went. She was looking her best. A sparkle of excitement made her bright eyes brighter. The man was her hero, her king among men. She admired him for the very poverty which had rendered his struggle with life necessary, for the tired look in his eyes, for his smile, and perhaps because he went nowhere except to her. She watched the tired face relax with a thrill of triumph. His fingers stole insensibly to the pocket where reposed his pipe.

"You may smoke, if you want. Mother wouldn't mind."

"Have you been to see the new 'Carmen?'"

"No. Is she good?"

"Splendid," edging his chair closer to hers and leaning forward with a look of affectionate interest; "you would like her immensely. Ask Mrs. Young to take you."

Margery rose, and taking a book from the table, said:

"Look what a pretty book Mr. Rockly sent me."

Warne scowled. A rose dropped from between the leaves. He picked it up and elaborately returned it to her.

"You are throwing away a treasure."

She tossed it into a bowl of potpourri.

"It was such a pretty rose, I pressed it. Some one left it on the table."

Warne sneered imperceptibly.

"How have things gone with you lately?" he asked, returning the book negligently, and pressing her fingers in the act.

"Oh! very quietly," said Margery, with a sigh. 'We hardly go anywhere or do anything."

Warne looked intensely sympathetic and moved his chair half a foot nearer.

"You should persuade Mrs. Young to take you down for the May week," adding in a low, sweet voice, "you ought never to be dull, you have so many resources."

His chair was opposite to hers now. As he leaned forward her dress touched him.

Tea was brought in.

"Do you take milk and sugar?" handing him a cup.

"Both, please," with a faint pressure of the fingers beneath the saucer. "Thank you, I will help myself. Don't you take sugar?" tenderly.

"No."

"Then you don't care for sweets," anxiously.

"Oh! yes," said Margery, puzzled at his eagerness. "I am very fond of sweets."

A look of relief crossed his features, and he leant back with a sigh, to gaze unremittingly at the piquant face before him.

"Would you like to see my new photographs?" Margery asked presently.

"Yes," lazily, "do show them to me."

He got up and stood by her till she unearthed them from a pile on a corner of the table, then reseated himself.

"See! which do you prefer?" she asked him, leaning down to hold one in the best light.

Their sleeves touched. An electric thrill transmitted itself to each. As he felt her breath on his cheek a delicious sense of happiness pervaded his being. Youth would not be gainsaid. Their hearts beat wildly, intoxicatingly. Involuntarily their hands mingled. It was an instant of exquisite bliss to both.

When Mrs. Young came in an instant later she wondered at Margery's flushed cheeks and Warne's evident nervousness. Having pronounced sentence on the photographs and shaken hands five times, Warne left. Margery went to the door with him. On the step he paused, gazed at her intently, and half sighed. Then he took both her hands in his.

"I think it will be fine for the match to-morrow," he said, earnestly. "Shall you be there?"

"I think so."

"Ah! I thought perhaps you'd had enough tennis this season. Goodby."

A parting squeeze of the hands—how hot his were—they burned like fire—and he was gone.

"What was Mr. Warne talking to you about when I came in?" said Mrs. Young.

"Oh! tennis and books and photographs," said Margery, blushing as she remembered that hand-clasp.

"He seemed very nervous, and actually said good-by five times, and held your hands quite an unnecessarily long time," severely.

"Did he, mamma?" innocently.

"Well," said Mrs. Young, with apparent irrelevance, "your father and I will be content as long as you are happy."

That evening Margery dreamed that Geoffrey Warne had proposed.

But he never did.—Violet Defries, in the Free Lance.

Automobiles Will Free Suffering Horses.

The humane societies have done a great deal to free the suffering horses from their troubles on our icy streets, but the automobiles will do more.

The latest figures show that there were 28,000 automobiles made in the United States last year. Their cash value is about $30,000,000.

The automobile is no longer a toy for millionaires. The cheapest ones cost no more than is paid for a team of horses. And they are to be found today in all parts of the world.

For instance, automobile trucks are now being used to carry supplies to mining camps. They are carrying the Government mails in Germany, Italy and even in some parts of India.

Automobile stages are carrying passengers along the mountain roads of the Western States. In California automobiles are hauling lumber; in Michigan they are pulling snow plows, and in Ohio they are doing chores on the farm.

In New York City there are automobile coal trucks, operated by one man apiece, which carry and deliver five tons of coal at a load. If the fittest is to survive, the days of the work horse will soon be ended.—New York Journal.

Wanted No Frills.

Lloyd Morgan, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology at the University of Oxford, England, who passed through Philadelphia the other day on his return home, tells a story of an English commercial magnate which equals those absurd but veracious tales that used to come out of Chicago.

He says that the great merchant in question came to him to consult about the instruction of the hopeful son and heir, who was some day to run the vast business interests from which the pater had made his wealth.

"But mind you," said he, "I don't want him to learn about strata or dips, or faults, or upheavals, or denudations, and I don't want him to fill his mind with fossils or stuff about crystals. What I want him to learn is how to find gold and silver and copper in paying quantities, sor—in paying quantities."—Philadelphia Press.

Feeding Nitrogen Artificially.

The chemists of the Agricultural Department have shown that ability to fix the nitrogen, which is infinitely abundant in the air, and apply it to the wornout fields of the world, will enable mankind to cultivate what is practically virgin soil forever. A plant at Niagara Falls is taking nitrogen from the air by electrolysis, but not yet in commercial quantity

Why the United States Fought Canada in 1812

By Capt. A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.

THE War of 1812 was very unpopular in certain sections of the United States and with certain parts of the community. By these particular fault was found with the invasion of Canada. You have declared war, it was said, for two principal reasons. One, the general policy of the British Government, formulated in the successive Orders in Council, to the unjustifiable injury and violation of American commerce; the other, the impressment of seamen from American merchant ships. What have Canada and the Canadians to do with either? If war you must, carry on your war upon the ocean, the scene of your avowed wrongs, and the seat of your adversary's prosperity, and do not embroil those innocent regions and people in the common ruin which, without adequate cause, you are bringing upon your own countrymen, and upon the only nation that now upholds the freedom of mankind against that oppressor of our race, that incarnation of all despotism—Napoleon." So, not without some alloy of self-interest, the question presented itself to New England, and so New England presented it to the Government and the southern part of the Union; partly as a matter of honest conviction, partly as an incident of the factiousness inherent in all political opposition, which makes a point wherever it can, and then magnifies the point to the uttermost possible, often until the point itself disappears under its incrustations.

Logically, there may at first appear some reason in these arguments. We are bound to believe so, for we cannot entirely impeach the candor of our ancestors, who doubtless advanced them with some degree of conviction. The answer, of course, is, that when two nations go to war, all the citizens of one become internationally the enemies of the other. This is the accepted principle of international law, the residuum of the concentrated wisdom of many generations of international legists. When war takes the place of peace it annihilates all natural and conventional rights, all treaties and compacts, except those that appertain to the state of war itself.—From "The War of 1812," in Scribner's.

This is a Country of Ideals

By Dr. Leighton Parks

WE are apt to take the idle, extravagant millionaire whose portrait gets into the newspapers so often as the average type of the American rich man. The truth is that he is the exception. We forget the thousands of modest rich men who work, many of them, fourteen hours a day, and some of the time every day for others. I have not yet come in contact with colossal wealth, but I know many rich men, very rich men, who are as unostentatious, as hard-working, as unselfish, as devout and as humble as human nature is capable of being. Let us be fair. The rich man should not be belabored because he is rich, nor the poor man petted because he is poor. Character is the test.

If it be true that we are piling wealth up in America faster than it has been piled up before in human history, if our forests, our mines, our farms and our factories are making unprecedented private fortunes possible, I am glad that the development belongs to this country. This is a country of ideals. The teachers in the public schools, the professors in the colleges, and all that multitude of men and women who are working, not for money but for ideals, will continue to stamp idealism upon the minds and hearts of our youth; they will convert wealth to the service of ideals. When the power of wealth and the power of sound ideals are in conflict, idealism is sure to conquer, sure to make money its servant. This nation was founded on an ideal, and the most powerful influences in its life to-day are working toward noble ideals. The moral and spiritual tone of the country is higher than ever in spite of the accidents of wealth and poverty.

All that the Government can do is to see that men start in life equal in their opportunities. It cannot legislate brains, character or industry into men. Some will succeed and some will fail. It is the business of the church to help to equalize things—charity, advice, education—but, above all, inspiration. To the rich and poor alike it teaches that there are other successes besides money successes.

Distinction of Birth in America and in England

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

ONE can hardly cast so much as a glance at the United States Senate in session, and then at the English House of Lords in session, without recognizing the American elective body to have a far more intellectual aspect than the other assemblage; or without further observing that nine-tenths of the visible intellect in the British House is to be seen in the faces and foreheads of the Bench of Bishops, or the so-called Law Lords, whose origin may have been of the humblest. "Why noble Earls should be so ugly," wrote one English observer of some note in his day, "is a problem in nature;" but the question is not that of mere beauty or ugliness; it is of visible mental power.

Even so far as a possible heredity goes, it must be recognized that a republican life is what makes grandparents most truly interesting. Free from the technical whims of an organized peerage, such, for instance, as primogeniture, one is left free to trace for good or for evil his inheritance from the various lines of ancestry. Those lines may be drawn with especial interest from public service or social prominence, from pursuits, or education, or even wealth.

Whittier's Quaker inheritance was as important to him as Longfellow's parentage of Judges and landed proprietors was to him. I knew an American radical who, on going to England, paid some one at the Heralds' College to look up his ancestry. Coming back to London some months later, he found that the inquirer had gone back no further, as yet, than to reach one of his name who was hanged as a rebel under the Tudors. "Just as I expected," said the American, in delight; "do not follow it any further. I am satisfied."—Atlantic Monthly.

The Lion's Share.

Back of many a proverb and petrified phrase lies a story. Willis R. Hotchkiss, the young Quaker missionary who has been addressing students in this city for a few days past, tells how "the lion's share" possibly originated. Mr. Hotchkiss has often looked at the king of beasts over a rifle barrel, and at least once when his rifle was empty, which is another story. "It is really not the male lion, with his terrific roar and formidable appearance, that the explorer fears, but his mate. The male lion is a good looking poser, but when it comes to business it is his wife who counts—a la the African native. Game is pulled down by the female lion, and then the male beats her off until he has feasted to repletion, when she may have what is left. Hence "'the lion's share.'" — Philadelphia Press.

Girdles are made of circular pleats.

The Spice of Danger.

William Nelson Cromwell, the representative of the French Panama Canal Commission, recently called on President Roosevelt, in Washington. Mr. Cromwell is something of a sportsman, and during the interview he told the President a sporting anecdote.

"Some years ago," he said, "I spent a week in Germany shooting small game. To a German acquaintance one morning I happened to remark that I preferred to shoot in Africa because there was a spice of danger in the sport there.

"'Ach,' said my friend, 'you like a spice of danger mit your sport, eh? Den you go out shooting mit me. De last time I go I shoot mine brudder-in-law in de leg.'"—New York Tribune.

The 1902 prune crop of France is estimated at 21,000,000 pounds, an increase of 9,000,000 pounds over the crop of the preceding year.

USE OF SOAP.

Theory of Its Being Injurious Not Likely to Stop Consumption.

It is extremely improbable that the letter of a "Colonist" regarding the use of soap as injurious, will cause any great drop in the consumption of soap; its use extends over too long a period to be lightly discarded. Pliny is the first to mention soap, and he declares it to be an invention of the Gauls, though he prefers the German to the Gallic soap. It was manufactured in this country in early times, for Richard of Devizes, writing in the reign of Richard I., quotes the words of a French Jew, who wrote still earlier: "At Bristol there is not or is nobody who has not been a soapmaker, and every Frenchman esteems soapmakers as he does nightmen." In the reign of Edward I. soap was evidently largely manufactured at Coventry, for Robert of Gloucester has the lines:

"Soap about Coventry, and iron at Gloucester;
Metal, lead, tin, in the county of Exeter."

In London the first soapworks was established in 1524, but those persons who travel from Liverpool street to Stratford have reason for wishing that soapmaking had remained in Bristol. Soap seems to have deteriorated in Elizabeth's reign; historians record that good soap was almost an impossible luxury, and clothes had to be washed with cowdung, hemlock, nettles and refuse soap, than which, in Harrison's opinion, "there is none more unkindly savour." In 1711 the Government, evidently like "Colonist," thought the use of soap should be curtailed, and imposed a tax of a penny a pound, gradually raising the imposition until in 1816 it stood at three-pence. The taxation was abolished in 1853. Was it at that period our degeneracy commenced? There is evidently some great hidden thought in the once popular question, "How are you off for soap?"—London Chronicle.

Girls Do the Wooing.

Not everywhere do the boys do the wooing, says the Chicago Tribune. Among the gypsies of Moravia, for instance, none will dare to presume to court a maid unless she has notified the young man of her choice her readiness. This she does by using a cake as a love letter, baking therein a coin, and throwing it within his tent at night when he is alone. He, of course, is not bound to accept. But if he does it behooves him to be faithful. The Romany of Hungary knows naught of breach of promise suits. Instead, the relations and friends of the jilted maiden wait upon the inconstant lover, argue with him, plead with him. Then, if he still remain obdurate, he is maimed by a shot in the leg or arm.

By ancient Romany custom, too, the slighted girl has the right to be present and to decree in which of his limbs he shall be wounded. In practice, however, she usually elects to stay away, thereby leaving the fearful choice to him.

A marriageable Burmese girl as soon as she has completed her trousseau places in her window the "love lamp," and according to whether its interjecting beams, carefully directed from behind with her own tiny toilet mirror, shine on this hut or on that the gallant within knows that somewhere a lassie's heart is inclined toward him.

A Glass House.

A house composed principally of glass bottles stands in the town of Tonopah, Nev., and was erected by a miner, who used the bottles on account of the scarcity of other material. The bottles were placed in rows with the bottom ends outward and are held in place by mud instead of plaster. The corners of the building are composed of wooden beams, also covered with mud. The walls are about a foot in thickness and are so well constructed that the house is actually more comfortable in winter that many of the other dwellings in Tonopah which are built of other material. It is twenty feet in length, sixteen feet in width and contains two rooms. It was built entirely by the owner.

Queer Chums.

There was a staghound, called Landseer, which was in the habit of poaching with a preference for ducks. Some time ago a drake lost its mate and became an inconsolable widower, until one day it made the acquaintance of Landseer. The two are now friends inseparable. The drake prefers to eat dog biscuits, which Landseer breaks up small so that his chum may get a good meal. The drake also insists upon performing his ablutions in Landseer's drinking trough. The dog and the drake have been photographed together.—London News.

The French Potato Crop.

Here is something that will surprise you: The potato crop of France is grown on 3,700,000 acres of land and the annual product is about 450,000,000 bushels, as against 284,000,000 for the United States. The average yield is over 120 bushels to the acre, and the average price is twenty-five and one-half cents a bushel. France exports nearly 8,000,000 bushels, and consumes 442,000,000, or about eleven bushels per capita.—New York Press.